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In some of our former papers, we have presented our readers with fragments from the diary and miscellaneous papers of an unfortunate youth. We shall now in like manner, occasionally make selections from the relics of another person of a

different character. He was a humourist of an order, occasionally, but rarely met with. A slight sketch of his history may not be uninteresting, and may throw some light on the train of thought he left behind him. Then are all he has left. But he never took pains enough to digest any one subject in his life; and a regular essay would have been to him an insuperable undertaking. He lamented the day before he made this exit, from mortality, that he had not time to put his thoughts together; asserting that there was a connexion between them all. But unfortunately his editors and biographers have been unable to detect the secret thread which binds them together.

Quidnon (so we shall call him) was born of parents in middling circumstances, whose ancestry he was unable to trace; though he pretended to declare his origin from the native Aborigines of this country; asserting that the blood had only been crossed by the intermixture of European females. Upon this point he would hum-

self knight; for as all the Indians are in a state of equality, he contended that his progenitors had never been debased from their dignity; and as the origin of their nation is mysterious, he concluded that nothing was clearer than that they had been here at least since the fall of Adam; and nothing easier than to trace the line of descent up to that epoch, if his ancestors had only known how to read and write.

Of his infancy nothing more is known than that he performed all the actions and tricks of children with much felicity. Of them the reader may find a copious list in the works of Rabelais, which we shall not repeat here. He made a worm with his fingers, and when other children made a flour, he spit in their hands. He dirtied his clothes faster than they could be washed; wore out his knees faster than they could be mended; blew his nose in his fingers and wiped them on his head; walked barefoot and carried his shoes in his

hand; and did in every other respect as all clever boys are accustomed to do.

When he went to school, he acquired the reputation of a dunce and a great student; but in fact he studied very little; and reached by intuition what others laboured hard for, or were whipped for not acquiring. He studied by fits and starts intensely; which instead of strengthening, set his mind agog. He would cut the covers off his books and then sew them on again, with much patience, and in the cleverest style imaginable.

He early acquired a habit which prevailed through life, of gratifying on the spot his inordinate appetite for diving into every book he found; but he never got through any author of price, except Shakspeare. It was no wonder then that his brains were soon addled; being furnished like a second hand clothes shop, with odd bits and scraps from every quarter, without any assortment, and

any consistency.

The habits which had marked the child, became the characteristics of the man. At college he was acknowledged to possess uncommon talents. The ancient laughed at his wit; the sober smiled, plodded on, and bore the palm from him. He was fond of controversy, always took the wrong side of a question, at last believed in all unbelief, as to philosophical topics, and was lost in paradoxes which he defended at first merely to exercise his ingenuity. The bulwark of his religious faith remained unshaken; but it was to be ascribed to juvenile inexperience, and the natural timidity of his moral character, that this grand step was not carried away with the rest.

As he mingled with men, he saw the contemptibility of inconsistency; despised his own vacillation; determined to amend; believed that a regeneration was effected. and found himself, in the hour of trial, as unsettled and fluctuating as ever.

He was an inveterate castle builder. What made him absent and rude in society, where courtesy was called on for full exertion, made him in the world of men, the prey of sharpers, and the object at once of vulgar merriment and avaricious rapacity. But while the constant abstraction of his mind made all his enjoyments ideal, it blunted the sting of misfortune. People said he was a stone, and had no heart. He called it Stoicism, and gloried in it. Neither himself nor his libellers were right.

His temper was naturally mild and equable. His buoyancy, enveloped in his mental sphere of imagination, rendered him incapable of deep feeling. The sun that went down on his wrath, rose on his forgetfulness. If the morning found him desperately in love, the evening found him chewing his quid of tobacco, and thinking of nothing less, than the object of his recent devotions.

Methodical in nothing, by impulse he was passionate, criminal, blasphemous; — or affectionate, childishly kind, and devotional. The sluices:

able pamphlet has leaped for joy, at the unexpected sale; when perhaps the lucky sale of some nothing Peter to pay Paul; or doing an act of injustice. unconscious both of the good and the evil, he left the balance in equilibrio.

Sharpers, under the mask of friendship, pilfered from his narrow income and involved him in shameful difficulties. He saw through the hollowness of their pretence, and the hunger of their avidity. Yet, for the pleasure of their society, he continued to be their companion and their dupe.

With the sex he mingled but little; the Elephant and the whale could not excite his society. The wiser fair were fond of his company and conversation; but he took no pains to win their esteem. A transient ode flattered their self love, and made them admire the author. But his diffidence and forgetfulness under him neglect them; and in vain associations they remembered no more Quidnon, his compliments, and his odes.

He wrote much, at irregular times; disjointedly; and imperfectly. He once began an epic poem, for the execution of which he was, of all men, most incompetent. Yet in his transient joys and sorrows, in his waking moments of cool calculation, and his long dreams of abstraction and reverie, the Muse was the foremost subject of his contemplation; the star of his worship, the guide of his aspirations; his consoling angel, never tiring & ever ready at his call. He dreamt of becoming the Shakspere of his country, of being the first in time and glory of her poets; the prototype of her future bards, their model and their excitement. This, like all his dreams, sleeps with his memory, which had already descended into his grave.

He published a few poems. They never sold; but he thought so little of their fate, after the trouble of preparing them for the press was over, that his friends were provoked that their own anxiety seemed lost on the author, as well as

on the world. His works were all published anonymously; and he could give no catalogue of them, when he was solicited by his friends on that subject a few hours before his death. And if, in the progress of years, posterity shall do their honour, other names may bear the glory of their merits, and Poets who never existed, will be made immortal through his modesty and want of attention.

There were hours, when he may be said to have enjoyed himself, it was by the fire side of some porter house; where he was merry, without inebriety; and free in his conversation, with a good a grace, that morality would have blushed and laughed, at an attempt to reprimand him. When the oft-told tale was exhausted, his invention has resuscitated the flagging spirit of anecdote, and prolonged the hour of glee.

Such miscellaneous associations, and his utter disregard of all ceremony, kept through life out of the pale of the highest circle of society, which he might have gratified and adorned

by the good nature of his satire, and the brilliancy of his wit.

At the premature age of thirty six, a quick consumption laid hold of his lungs. Insensible to the advances, he began to think in good earnest of mending his fortunes and changing his solitary life, by matrimony. Dubious in his choice, he was almost determined, when weakness confined him to his last couch.

The day before he died, he seemed at last, if ever, to have opened his eyes. He said "My life has been a dream; I know that I have done much positive harm; I am not sure that I have done any positive good. I have nothing positive, to leave behind me, but hope that in dying, I may be of negative service to somebody, by leaving him my example to avoid." He conversed with a pious clergyman, and displayed a knowledge of theology which left his confessor nothing to inculcate. Exhortation and consolation, did not

appear to fail in their effects.

Charity writes on his tombstone,
HERE lies Quidnor: who was poor, but who felt not the sting of poverty, without being either a Christian or a Philosopher. He had talents, and he misapplied them, but that injured no one but himself. Man betrayed him; but he did not harbour resentment long enough to have the glory of forgiving. Woman loved him, but he did not reward it. Constant irregularity was the method of his madness. His character was uninteresting, but his friends wept for him. May he rest in peace! -

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